

Uncle Tupelo, Before I Break

On liquor I spent my last dime

Sunday morning, 8am
Just cursing myself again
Drinking like each one might be my last

Blurred memories of making toasts
To the cheapest beer and talk-show hosts
Funny then, but that's fading fast

Here's to waking up at night
Half drunk in a ditch by the side of the road
You're still thinking
That you can't go on like this
Headed for a break down

You keep saying thanks for tomorrow, 'cause I can't live
Thanks for tomorrow, 'cause I've had enough
Well, it'd do me just fine to make it through the night
On liquor I spent my last dime

A worried man drinks a healthy drink
But he drinks nine or ten until he's done
Then he'll tell you his life story
But he won't stop until he's told you and everyone

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